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POETRY.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

Fading beneath our passing feet,
Strewn upon lawn and land and street,
Beautiful leaves!
Dyed with the hues of the sunset sky,
Falling in glory so silently!
Beautiful leaves!

Never to freshen another spring,
Never to know what the summer may bring,
Beautiful leaves!
Withered beneath the frost and cold,
Soon to decay in the common mould,
Beautiful leaves!

So will the years that change your tint
Mark upon us their autumnal print,
Beautiful leaves!
So shall we fall from the tree of time,
Fade as ye fade in a wintry clime,
Beautiful leaves!

Mrs. Madison's Receptions.

Mrs. Madison, after the decease of her husband, returned to Washington, and, for a number of years occupied a house of moderate dimensions near Lafayette square. She did not go into society, but held weekly receptions, at which her friends and others properly introduced were allowed to attend. She also held a drawing-room on New Year's day, which was generally attended by the principal officers of the Government, the military and naval officers in Washington, and foreign ministers attending in full costume, with the same formality observed at the Presidential Mansion.—On these occasions Mrs. Madison was dressed in a robe of black velvet, trimmed with point-lace, and a magnificent turban crowning her head. She was somewhat above the medium size, moderately tending to corpulency. Her complexion was clear, and her features were still beautiful and expressive of dignity and intelligence. The tall and splendid figure of Mrs. Alexander Hamton, whose husband, as is well known, was the first Secretary of the Treasury under General Washington, would be seen standing near Mrs. Madison, dressed in the habiliments of deep mourning which she had assumed forty years before, when her husband, in the full strength of early manhood, had fallen in a duel with Aaron Burr.

The Yosemite's Origin.

Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, differs from Professor Whitney in his ideas of the origin of the Yosemite Valley. The latter attributes the formation of this wonderful valley to the sudden engulfment of a portion of the Sierras; but Professor Le Conte is of the opinion that this, as well as other deep perpendicular slots of the kind that abound on a smaller scale, have been sawed out by the action of glaciers! Professor Le Conte observes that glaciated forms are unmistakably observable at many points on the walls of the valley, and in some places even to the brim. In the contour of the walls of the valley, their rounded form, where the rock is hard, standing unbroken and without debris at the base, he finds proof of glacial erosion. On the north side of the valley every projecting shoulder is thus rounded, and in some cases the smoothness is so complete even at a consideradle height, that the rocks glisten in the sunshine. The wonderful dome-like form of nearly all the prominent points about this valley, and their striking resemblance to glaciated forms, cannot, he says, be overlooked.—The whole surface of the country is *moutonne* on a huge scale. If so, then the whole surface has been moulded beneath a universal ice sheet.

Courtship and Horse Trading.

Mr. G. Girard, now of Philadelphia, but formerly American Consul at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, communicates to the *Press* of the former city the following amusing reminisence of his African consular experience:

There is a very singular custom among the farmers—how to get a wife. If you desire to get married you should first make inquiry whether the lady you love has a horse; if so, you must ask whether she has a horse for sale. If she says 'No,' then you had better leave the house at once. She does not like you. But if, on the contrary, she says 'Yes,' it is a good sign, but she will ask you a very high price. If the amount named is paid on the spot, the engagement is concluded, as fully as if marriage was consumated by the person.

On my arrived at the Cape, I did not know of this custom. I wanted to purchase a horse, and I was informed by an old Dutch resident that widow——had one to sell. I followed the address given, and soon arrived at the door of the widow (who, by the way, was not bad looking.) I asked her if she had a horse to sell. She looked at me very sharp; then she asked me whether I had some letters of introduction. I said that I was the American Consul and would pay cash for her horse. 'In this case' said she, 'letters are not necessary. I paid down the sum demanded; then, after taking a cup of coffee, she sent her horse by her groom, and both accompanied me home. On the road, the groom asked me a thousand questions. 'Master,' said he, 'will my mistress go live with you in town or will you come live with us? You will love my mistress for she was very kind to my old master, (laughing) 'Where will the wedding be? (looking at me and laughing.) 'Truly,' I though, the poor fellow has drank too much or he is an imbecile.' I felt sorry for him. When I arrived home I found many people at my door congratulating me, not for the horse, but for the acquaintance of the widow. 'Truly,' said one, 'you have been very successful.' She is very rich, said another. I really did not know what it all meant, and I began to be very uneasy, when to my very great surprise, a lady alighted on my steps, and at once I recognized the widow. She very cooly asked me when I desired to have the ceremony of the wedding performed. Then, indeed, I fully perceived the scrape in which I was, and I told her frankly that it was a horse I wanted, and not a wife. 'What, said she, 'do you mean to act thus to a lady like me? If so I shall send back my horse, and will repay you the money.' In a few hours her groom was at the door with the money. I gladly gave back the horse, thankful to have thus escaped. A few weeks after, however, the widow was married; a more ambitious man had bought her horse.

A story is told of a former member of the Missouri Legislature whose reputation was far from spotless, that he absented himself for a while; under the plea of sickness, and shortly after had his death announced. Thereupon the Legislature passed the usual resolutions of condolence, some of the wily member's bitterest enemies eulogized their "departed friend's exalted characted and high moral worth," and the next day he reappeared in his seat with the resolutions and eulogies neatly pasted in his memorandum book as a receipt in full for the past, and a letter of credit for the future.

SELECT STORY.

A LITTLE CLUB AFFAIR.

Isabel walked the parlor of her suite. It was far past midnight, and the great hotel was nearly silent. Up and down, with a supple, leonine motion peculiar to her, and a footfall of velvet, turning her black eyes restlessly, and whirling about if the air stirred in the passage; thus she had moved for hours.

Was she a heroine in distress? Was she a woman of gifts, evolving some creation from her sleepless brain? I am sorry to bring her down to earth—she was a fit subject for romance. But it must be confessed Isabel was only waiting for her husband, who was out late. Had she been a sensible, practical woman, she had wrapped the drapery of her couch round her and laid down to sweet dreams long ago. But she has only been a wife a year. Her husband was her single tie, she lived her life in him.

Isabel was beautiful. Her flesh was like marble lighted by fire; her hands, her eyes, her lips, the poise of her head, her undulating motion, had an elegance of their own. But when God lent her the gift of loveliness He added thereto the gift of supersensitiveness, through which so many are graded to melancholy and madness. She had been the ward of a bachelor uncle, who felt he did his whole duty if he visited her twice a year at her convent, and answered her sorrowful black eyes with nods and winks of approval. When she was ready to enter the world, the charge of a young lady niece so taxed his freedom, and, by consequence, his spirits, that he laid him down and died. He hadn't meddled in matrimony. Why should his autumnal youth be spoiled by a foster daughter? The problem shovelled him into the grave.

Then Burnham appeared to Isabel. His family and hers had been on friendly terms whole generations. He had just returned from a long tour, and had the air of other continents around him, which fascinated her senses. Afterwards his best grew upon her; his generous nature, his pure intention, his mellow thought the whole fine structure of his manhood. She knew little of the world; she made him her standard. So that when Burnham came wooing and made her sure that all his happiness was in her, she staked herself, and was blessed in proportion to her intense sensibility.

When Isabel became a wife, she did not degrade her hero. Her very estimate kept him up to her. Proud and tender of her, he walked to rectitude, and softly, before her, many moons and never meant to deviate.

But——

(The chapter recording Solomon's fall begins *but.*)

But Burnham was a society man; he had such jovial friends, who formed such a jovial and select club. The "Pickwick Club" ran over with money and leisure and graceful gayety. To be a "Pickwickian," was to be recognized as a tiptop globule of the city cream. Youngsters of family looked forward to rising into this club much as the young Roman anticipated the toga of manhood. It wielded an absurdly strong influence. The "Pickwickians" met in elegant apartments, drank imported wine, attended by perfect and silent service, and railed at the hard-worked, sad-visaged world. Young husbands were considered great conquests among them, and they importuned Burnham so much to join them that he good naturedly took to "running in." From taking a friendly cigar and glass, he went on to extending his stays till the fascination of the club ran through all his veins.

Isabel knew nothing of clubs. She supposed they might be assemblages of gentlemen with something of a literary character, such, as Addison pictures. She saw in her mind's eye sober citizens grouped about tables, reading, perhaps smoking, and discussing wisdom. She waited for her husband because she was restless when he was away, not because she had any righteous tongue in pickle for him.

Feet shuffled in the hall. She bent her neck; her whole body crouched to listen. They drew nearer, zig-zagging; they paused at her door; and the being outside, evidently an animal without hands, began to rub and fumble and growl for entrance.

Isabel threw the door open, when a person in a very bad hat, with his whole apparel somewhat on one side, fell at her feet. It was a stage scene, but terribly real with one actor. Isabel started back, raising and wringing her hands, and staring at her husband like a maniac. Mr. Burnham gathered himself up and took observations. Some drunken men are abusive; others maudlin; others jolly. But Burnham was pompous. He found a sofa, and mounted it tremulously to harangue his wife on her duty as "gen'lmen to c'nduct 'self like gen'lmen—drivedullcare'way!" and made as consummate and disgusting a fool of himself as it is possible for a man's body to do when that fine spirit which governs is drowned.

Isabel stood watching without moving a muscle. The stare drew his attention, and he requested leave to ask if she was drunk, and if she meant to "sult him?" Then, overwrought by his own eloquence, he relaxed and dropped along the sofa. She saw a face swollen and sensual; a frame nerveless and heavy; a man turned to a beast.

Her maid tapped at an inner door to ask if Mrs. Burnham wanted her now.

"Go to my dressing-room," replied Isabel, towering between the damsel's eyes and that locomotive-laboring-up-a-steep-grade upon the sofa. "Wait for me there."

She closed the door and went back. Not being addicted to harangues and handkerchiefs, she merely clasped her hands and looked at him, thinking, I suppose, that no woe like hers had ever come upon the world since the deluge. Yet Mrs. Smith, down by the wharves, could have shown her deeper depths; and thousands of wretches within few square miles, might have smiled at her butterfly misery. Yet, after all, every one suffers according to his stroke. Isabel considered wine as belonging to gentle breeding. That Mrs. Smith's "man" should come to the gutter through rum, was a thing to be expected: "that sort of people you know, etc.;" but that Mrs. Burnham's lord could be touched with the same infirmity, was a revelation of human nature for which she was not prepared. Like all natures of her cast, she stood in fiercest judgment over what she loved best.

Burnham slept till a late sun thrust bright daggers through his hair, and heated his eyelids.

Dissipation treated him kindly. He came down to luncheon after bath and toilet and a little philosophy, as fresh and suave as your father confessor. Isabel did not trouble him for the time.—She had taken her maid and gone out, he supposed, and he was glad of having more time to recover himself before he attempted to pass muster under those black eyes again. He came home to dinner, invigorated by business, with his winning, repentant guise on his arm, ready for use, as you may say. But Isabel had not yet returned. No one had seen her that day.

He rushed to her room and plowed among her belongings. She had taken little; and that little had evidently been packed hastily.

Pinned to a frame containing his portrait, Burnham found her last testament; he opened it with a face like the dead. She said to him:

"Do not search for me. We can never be anything to each other again.—You have killed me; you taught me to lean on and adore the best of men; and then you unmasked and showed me what you were. The world is black; I have no faith in anything."

Mr. Burnham, in reading this scrap, forgot the repose of good breeding. He fell upon his knees as if Hercules had planted a blow between his eyes; he rung for the police; and whirled up the great otel like a madman. But those much buttoned gentlemen, with clubs and ornamental caps, have a soothing effect on the most harrowed mind. Burnham dropped down in his parlor, with his head between his hands, and explained himself in fragments to one of them, who stood reading him like a book.

"Did she have money?" asked the immovable.

"She has a large bank account, her own property, which I never touch.—Perhaps she has cashed that."

On investigation it was found that she had.

"And with eighteen hours start," pursued the immovable, "she'll be well away from the city by this time. Decription of lady, and lady's woman, sir?"

So they took notes, examined, put their hand to the wires, and flew about surely and silently. While Burnham measured his rooms or the streets or set in police stations, looking like an old man.

Once, when a juvenile, I seized a stone, with an impulse of disgust, and hit a rat which crept from under the barn. It screamed and tottered, lifting suffering eyes. The poor thing had been poisoned; great ulcers were on its back; it was crawling from death, and I hurt it! I sat down on the grass, crying and wringing my hands, the veriest wretch alive; I had struck a suffering, defenceless creature! If I could only have gathered the rat on my lap and soothed its dying moments! But he dragged out of sight and left me everlasting remorse. Since cruelty is a two-edged sword that falls back painfully if you use it even against vermin, how it must cut if we have lifted it against our best beloved!

The rhyme of Burnham, his wanderings, his remorse, his sack-cloth and fastings, are they not written in the book of his experience?

His police force traced Isabel out of the city, but they were long discovering her. They sent him continued messages of their progress; he left his affairs to follow every clue. And dismal hours he spent in her dressing-room poring over a glove or a ribbon, enjoying the sweetness of freedom and widowhood. The "Pickwick Club" was no stay to his care. He hated the sight of their Bacchanalian faces.

It seemed that years instead of months had passed, when the chief man of buttons and clubs waited on him one day, with the joyful assurance that in a certain Northern village, in a certain house, he would find his wife. Was it joyful assurance after all? At the end of his long, sickening journey, he stood at the gate of her house, about dusk, more depressed than he had ever felt before.—She had commanded him not to search for her; he was minded to turn and go back, satisfying himself with the knowledge that all was well with her. Such floods of change had rolled between them. He knew not how to approach her.

But, like a call to him, a little cooing cry came from the house; it stirred him like a sea. Then Isabel came to the window, looking out and up. Her beautiful face was softened and sweetened, for she had been in the hard land of maternity, under discipline which brings out the angel-side of woman; in her arms she held his little child.

Her eyes falling on her husband, this most consistent woman reached toward him, bursting into a low, glad cry of, "Oh, I knew you'd come!"

After supper, when the room was cosey, and the good maid's steps had ceased, and the blessed child had been admired till both parents were in a state of imbecility, Isable hung to a button of her husband's coat and falteringly confessed her sins; her days of darkness; her ignorance of patient love, till the baby came to teach her. Then Burnham took up the parody, and shrived himself and made promises in a way which would have afforded the "Pickwick Club" infinite amusement. And, in his turn, the remarkable infant raised *his* voice. So that they were very cosey.

And it was not fatal after all, like some other Club affairs.

MISCELLANY.

Pin-Making.

A visitor to the manufactory at Valparaiso, Ind., gives the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* a description of the manner in which pins are made there. The wire is of the size suitable for ordinary pins, and the first thing required is to straighten it. This is done by placing it on a reel, whence it is passed between fifteen or twenty polished steel rollers, arranged much like the keys of a violin, the last two being placed together, so that as the wire passes out from between them it becomes perfectly straight, and is wound loosely on immense spools. "We hang these spools on pegs," said Mr. Waring, "until they are wanted at the machines. They are then placed on a standard, as you see this one here, and the thread of wire conducted into the machine. The first thing which this ingenious little automaton does is to cut the wire the required length. In a moment afterwards the pin falls into a vessel at the bottom, complete. To describe the process by which this is accomplished would take more time than is required to manufacture enough pins to last an ordinary family five years. Almost at the instant that the wire is cut, a little hammer, flying in and out so fast that it is hardly discernible, strikes it square on the end, and literally 'puts a head on it.' A finger pushes it sideways on a smooth plane under a number of 'cutters,' so arranged that the lower half of the pins are rolled swiftly underneath them to the extreme right of the machines. These cutters make about 4,000 revolutions a minute, and are so constructed as to point the pins while they hurry them towards the receiver. Looking at the rows of pins coming swiftly over the iron apron one is puzzled to know what suddenly becomes of them. They are constantly approaching, but never reaching you. But at the end where the line terminates is a tin spout, and so quickly do the pins disappear into this that one does not see what becomes of them until a close scrutiny reveals it. At the end of the spout are small tin vessels holding a quart or so, and besides them larger vessels. The small pans are used to first receive the pins, in order that, if the machines get to working badly and making imperfect articles, the fact may be discovered before they have become mixed with the larger quantities, which would necessitate the rejection of all in the same vessel. When the pins drop into these pans they are, as before indicated, complete, so far as the form is concerned, but they are not yet ready for market by any means. They are covered with oil and the thin brass filings of the wire, and must be cleansed. They are taken into another room where are two large revolving casks. These casks are partially filled with sawdust, and into them is also emptied a bushel or two of pins. After a thorough shaking up here the pins and sawdust together are taken to still another room, where they are run through a fanning mill much like one used for cleaning grain. Having been separated from the sawdust here, they are carried to large tanks, into the bottom of which are placed perforated blocks of tin. Alternate layers of pins and tin blocks are placed in these tanks until they are filled, when the whole mass is boiled by steam. This gives them the silver color noticed, and is a sort of galvanizing process, which keeps them from corroding. When taken out of these tanks they are emptied into a large sink and washed."

The Sacramento Union gives the following description of the funeral of the wife of a rich Chinaman, which recently took place in that vicinity: "About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the body, enclosed in a fine coffin, was placed on the side walk near his late residences, and by its side were ranged tables loaded with roast chicken, roast pig, boiled rice; candy, nuts, brandy, whisky, &c., sufficient in quanity to keep the spirit of the deceased from being hungry for a month. These articles and the coffin remained on the sidewalk until late the next forenoon, surrounded by paid mourners, who seemed to be carrying on a lively competition in the matter of giving full value for the money received. At the cemetery, after the coffin had been lowered, hired mourners and the two children of the deceased walked round the grave once, while the husband remained standing silently by. Then vessels containing food were put in the grave at the head and foot of the coffin, followed by a small quantity of earth. Next to be put in were live chickens and ducks, and these were promptly covered with earth. The grave having been filled up, brandy and whiskey were sprinkled upon it in a liberal manner, while a pig's head, roast chicken, boiled rice, oranges, apples, nuts, candy, &c., were laid upon the mound. The ceremony being concluded, the Chinese returned home in their carriages, while some Christian boys, who had been closely watching the proceedings, gathered up the fruit, candy, &c., and likewise left for home."

An experiment is reported to have been tried before the Royal Geographical Society in England, by which the circulation of the waters of the sea was demonstrated. A trough with plate-glass sides about six feet long and a foot deep, but not more than an inch wide, was filled with water. At one end a piece of ice was wedged in between the sides to represent the polar cold, while the tropic heat was represented at the other end by a bar of metal laid across the surface of the water, the projecting end of which was heated by a spirit lamp. Red coloring matter was then put in at the warm end, and the blue at the cold end, so that the currents could be traced. The blue water, chilled by contact with the ice immediately fell down to the bottom, crept slowly along, and gradually rose toward the surface of the equatorial end, after which it gradually returned along the surface to the starting point. The red water crept first along the surface of the polar, end, then fell to the bottom just as the blue had done, and formed another stratum, creeping back again along the bottom and coming to the surface. Each color made a distinct circulation during the half hour in which the audience viewed the experiment.

A flagrant insult has been put upon the press of Schuyler county. Heretofore the members thereof have been the committee at our Agricultural Fairs on wines, and now the managers have removed them from that honorable, desirable and responsible position, voted themselves into the wine committee, and degraded the editors down to judges of bread, biscuit and crackers. Blood and Thunder! Hail stones and coals of fire! —*Watkins Express.*

The amount of gold dug in California since 1848 is $1,380,700,000, of which $93,000,000 were mined in 1853.

The Wheat Prospects.

All statistical information on the subject of the wheat products of the world point to the important fact that the United States is the only country able to supply the unprecedented demand for wheat this year in nearly all European countries. The returns of the imports to Great Britain to September 30 show that the gross value of the imports of wheat for nine months is about $99,000,000, of which the United States supplied $42,000,000 worth. The proportion of wheat received from Russia has fallen from 13,000,000 to 7,000,000 hundred weights, as compared with 1872, while that received from the United States has increased from 5,000,000 to 13,000,000 hundred weights. Wheat is usually exported from the north of France, but this year it will have to be imported, and the importations of the south of France will be largely increased. Germany, Hungary and Southern Russia are also deficient in their crops, and that European dealers have accepted the returns as thoroughly reliable, may be judged from the fact that their exports from New York alone during the fourteen days ending October 9 were 3,508,469 bushels, an amount unparallelled in the history of that port. On the other hand, the receipts of wheat at Milwaukee and Chicago have been largely increased, the receipts at the former place of the present crop being 8,555,770 bushels, against 5,014,805 bushels for the same period in 1872. The Milwaukee Journal of Commerce, in discussing the effects of the financial panic on the future of wheat, complains that the circulation of money is restricted by law to a fixed amount, although this year the country will have to move twice as much wheat as last year, to say nothing of the cotton.—*Phil. Medger.*

An Affecting Tribute.

An accomplished Mr. Peck writes to the St. Louis *Republican* this touching notice of the last hours of a venerable relative: "Great Grandmother Peck died last week, aged 119. She died once before, when she was ninety-six, but just after she was laid out she seemed to remember somehow that she had forgotten to finish footing a stocking for her youngest boy, who was only seventy-four years of age, so she came to again; and, as winter was coming on, and so much knitting to be done, she concluded to keep on for twenty years or so. The doctor thinks, if she ain't disturbed, she is gone for good this time. Me and Mary Ann sat up with her to the last, and she was checked off into the full fruition of her faculties. I couldn't help moralizing as I sat by her bedside how lean a person can get and yet consume so much gruel—she beat anything all hollow that I ever saw. Poor old soul, she was so lean that the mosquitoes had ceased to be a burden; they used to light on her and hammer on her skull with their bills till the room sounded like a telegraph office; then they would scratch their heads with their hind legs and sail out of the window, worn out. She seemed to gain a little flesh after we came here from Chicago and got new spirits; but somebody told her that her name was accidently left out of Edward's Directory, and she fell off again. She hadn't walked any to speak of for the last twenty-two years, and it used to console her to think how much she had saved on shoes. When I look at the old calico cushion with its faded roses that she sat embowered in since she was 104, I heave a sigh at the transitoriness of all sublunarian comfort. Her eyes got so weak that she wore seven pairs of glasses for a spell, but they warn't strong enough for her to get the sense out of her Scriptures, so we had a pair of opera glasses mounted, so she could wear them on her nose. She sat up the heftiest part of the day before she snuffed out, and told me many things confidentially. She remembered distinctly when General Washington got the check cashed that Oakes Ames gave him for signing the Pacific Railroad bill; and she was quite a big girl when Cyrus Field and Hendrik Hudson brought the Atlantic cable over in the Mayflower. What is home without a great-grandmother—she is gone—let her R. I. P."

Passenger Pigeons.

Most boys and girls who live in the country have seen wild pigeons, and know what graceful birds they are. The muscles of their wings are very large and strong. Audubon says that these pigeons travel at the rate of a mile in a minute, and that if one of them were to follow the fashion, and take a trip to Europe, it could cross the ocean in less than three days. We can all exclaim with David, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove!" But quite as wonderful as their speed, is the great power of vision these birds possess. As they journey through space, they can overlook hundreds of acres at once, and their sharp eyes can discover at a glance whether the country beneath them is barren, or supplied with the food they need.

On the day I speak of, the birds flew very low, and hundreds of them alighted on the trees in passing. They often alight in such numbers that great branches are broken off, and sometimes the pigeons are crushed to death. The fields bordering the river were covered with them; but they only stopped to rest, apparently, or perhaps to pick up a little food, and were again on the wing. As these detachments of the vast army of pigeons rose from the ground, with a great flapping of wings, others alighted; meanwhile the main flock was passing steadily over our heads. The procession seemed endless, for the day wore on, and still the swift-winged birds rustled through the air, and still the coming flocks look like delicate pencilings on the distant sky. It was a rare day for sportsmen. Instead of roosting in a neighboring forest, as we had hoped, the pigeons flew over into Wisconsin. But every day through the summer, stray flocks foraged among the oak groves about us, and their shadows swept over sunny slopes and fields of waving grain, like flitting clouds.—*From St. Nicholas for November.*

A lady from Pennsylvania spent two weeks among the fashionables at the Grand Central Hotel, Saratoga, and when the time for departure came, to the utmost horror of all the other ladies, it was found she had only one trunk.

A Remarkable Escape.

Some years ago I resided for a short time in the island of St. Domingo, in the West Indies. The weather was so hot while I was there that bathing was a great luxury, but as sharks made it dangerous to bathe in the sea, I inquired of the landlord of the hotel if there were not a river near the town.

"There is a very fine river," said he, "just over that range of lofty hills; but it is a good distance by the road, and you would find the walk very hot and dusty."

"But what hinders my going over the hills and making a short cut?"

"Why, they are so steep on the side facing the river that you could not get down without breaking your neck, sir," he replied, rather bluntly.

"O, nonsense!" I said; "I should like to see the hill,—I could roll down, at any rate." And away I bounded, and soon reached the top of the nearest hill, from which I spied the beautiful river, broad and deep, dancing along and glittering in the beams of the rising sun. The sight of the cool stream created in me such a thirst to be swimming in it, that I began to descend without being at all particular to pick my steps. I had not got down more than twenty yards from the brow of the hill, and that with much difficulty, when I found it impossible to proceed another step, for the precipice below me was almost as flat and steep as the side of a house, and some two or three hundred feet in depth. I had gone so heedlessly into danger that the narrow ledge upon which I rested was not broad enough to admit of my two feet abreast, and I was obliged to place one foot behind the other, and lean my body against the side of the hill. This painful position rendered it impossible for me to lift one leg to endeavor to gain a footing above me, for I felt if I attempted to do so the other foot would slip off the ledge, and I must inevitably fall to the bottom. The road at the foot of the hill, which ran along the bank of the river, was thronged with negroes going to market with fruit and wood from the mountains, and so soon as they observed my danger, they gathered together in great numbers and began to shout to me. I could not understand what they said, but the sight of a host of black people all shouting in great excitement had such an effect upon me, as I gazed upon them from my ledge, that my knees began to tremble, my eyes became confused, and I felt that it would be a relief to plunge off right into the midst of them. I cannot describe this irresistible impulse, and as it grew stronger and more urgent upon me, I cast my eyes upward and felt some relief.

And here it may be well to remark, in passing, that in all positions of danger from being on a "giddy height," the danger is greatly increased whilst the eyes are turned downwards on the objects beneath us, and relief is gained by looking up to the sky.

In thus looking up, I saw, at about three feet above my head, the stump of an old tree, or probably a large shrub; it was sticking out above two feet from the bank, and was jagged at its extremity, as if it had been broken off. In my desperation, I resolved to make a spring at it; if I caught it with my right hand, and it was not too rotten to bear my weight, I knew I could draw my body up to it and get my knee upon it; for if a sailor can get a "hand hold" he troubles himself little about his body; it may swing over an abyss miles in depth, and it gives him no concern, because, with his hands secure, he does as he pleases with the whole of his person. Then, I reasoned, if I missed it I could but fall, and every moment convinced me I could not remain where I was much longer; consequently, gathering myself up, I made a spring, and caught it, and as I drew my body up and lodged my knee upon it, a cheer arose from the multitude below "like the noise of many waters." In a few minutes more I gained the brow of the hill, and turning round I waved my hat, and returned the cheer of the sable crowd.

Horace Greeley's Beginning.

Judge Sterritt, the editor of the Erie *Gazette*, in which office Mr. Greeley perfected his knowledge of the printers' art before going to New York, tells the story of his afterwards-distinguished subordinate's experience in the establishment. Horace was at first subjected to unfavorable comment by his new acquaintances, owing to his awkward and ungainly appearance. He boarded with the family of Mr. Sterritt, and his wife wanted to know where he picked up such a "green gawky." Horace was equally unfortunate in impressing people outside of the office with a sense of his real worth. Mr. Walker, at this time president of the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, then a citizen of Erie, in passing his opinion on Mr. Sterritt's new printer, remarked that he looked like a "singed rat." But brains will win, and Horace Greeley soon overcame the first unfavorable impression. He was clear-headed, a good talker, and worsted many a village politician in debate. He had read a great deal, and a wonderful aptitude in statistics and dry figures. While in the *Gazette* he wrote only two articles in the shape of communications, one of which was on a political topic. After remaining with Mr. Sterritt about six months—his time had come to start in the world on his own hook. He decided to go to New York. Mr. Sterritt gave Horace a note for the balance due him and some money. He advised him to dress himself up in better clothes than he had on in order to make a better impression among strangers. Horace said that what he had saved would be given to his father, who needed it to pay towards his land, and he thought when his father became more forehanded, he in turn would be able to assist him. Horace embarked on a canal-boat for New York, and his subsequent trials and triumphs furnish a bright page in American newspaper history.

"Oh, what stout and handsome legs you have!" said a young lady to her female cousin, as they were dressing in the morning. "Of course I have," replied the other. "*I travel on them.*" It will be observed by the student of this colloquy that it contains a duplex-eliptic lesson for young ladies, and, in fact, for all persons of both sexes.

A Change of Residence—Stokes Off for Sing Sing.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.

At 10 o'clock this morning the Deputy Sheriff and his assistant, entered the Tombs and proceeded to cell No. 4. The trap was closed, but at a light knock on the bars of the outer door, it was quickly opened, and the strongly marked features of the prisoner were seen for an instant as he peered through. Whether he had been notified of the hours of his departure it would be impossible to say; but if he had not the appearance of the Deputy instantly made him aware that the time had come. Stokes betrayed no surprise, simply greeting the officers who has been expecting a well known and not too agreeable visitor. Immediately afterward he stepped back and the two doors were quickly opened. He had already begun to put on his overcoat.—When he had partly buttoned it he looked about the barren apartment, and placing one or two articles which had been lying on the bed in his pockets, he came out. He was dressed in his usual careful manner. "Is it cold outside?" he asked. "I thought I would put on my overcoat." Beyond this nothing was said except a second casual greeting as he emerged through a low, narrow doorway. Meanwhile Deputy Cahill had brought John D. Couse from a neighboring cell. Couse was tried on a charge of grand largency, embezzlement and forgery, and sentenced to a term of two years and six months in Sing Sing.—Either through Stokes' good fortune, or because regard was made to his feelings, his companion proved to be a man of some pretensions to good breeding. He was decently dressed and conducted himself in a quiet manner. There was no formal greeting between the two, but as they were brought side by side to be handcuffed, Stokes by a faint smile and scarcely perceptible movement of his body, in which there were slight but evident traces of condescension, acknowledged the other's presence. The common slide handcuffs were used. Between the wrists of the two there were only three links. Stokes with his free hand reached around to adjust the handcuff, which was not to his liking, when one of the bystanders whispered to another that iron did not fit so nicely as hemp.—Stokes, who appeared to overhear the remark, shrugged his shoulders and looked up with an expressive smile. The whole affair wore an air of business.—Scarcely a minute elapsed in handcuffing the two prisoners. They were then quickly led out into the main passage. These two were the only convicts that were to be taken to Sing Sing to-day, and Stokes was spared the humiliation of the company of shabbily-dressed and hardened-looking prisoners. "God-by, Stokes," came in kindly tones a dozen times from the upper corridors, from keepers and prisoners, who had grown familiar with his face during his long prison life.

"Scannell says good-bye," cried a keeper as he leaned over the rail of the corridor above. "And Sharkey, too," cried another. "Good-bye, good-bye," returned the departing prisoner in a clear, cheerful voice, and an instant later he was conducted out into the yard. As the party passed through to the office both prisoners were eagerly started at by a crowd of unkempt wretches incarcerated for small crimes, who had been given the freedom of the yard. In the office a pause was made, and hearty farewells were exchanged between Warden Johnson and the two prisoners. In the street was neither a van nor carriage. While those in attendance were looking for some means of conveyance, Deputy Sheriff Shields rapidly conducted the prisoners to Center and Franklin streets corner of the building, where a pause of nearly a minute was made. Then a Fourth avenue car came along, and was called, much to the surprise of all. Mr. Shields, however, stated that in a majority of cases he had accompanied Stokes on foot from the Court-house to the Tombs during his trial, instead of taking a carriage. The prisoners and deputies were quietly seated, the car started, and the party were on their way to take the 10:45 A. M. Hudson River train, at the Grand Central depot. The Fourth avenue car was filled before it had gone many blocks, and no one who had a seat in it got out until the car stopped at the end of its route. The passengers all started at Stokes, and occasionally whispered to each other so loudly that he could not fail to hear them, but he showed utter indifference to them, and kept his eyes upon the floor, raising them only when he spoke to his guard or fellow-convict. At the Grand Central depot a large number of passengers for the quarter to 11 train were assembled in the waiting-room of the Hudson River Railroad, when the Deputy Sheriffs and their prisoners entered, followed by the passengers from the the horse-car, and an equal number of persons from the street. No one seemed to have expected so prominent an arrival, but almost simultaneously with his appearance the whisper "there's Stokes" passed through the room, and a crowd gathered around the little party. Stokes returned the gaze of the crowd, and nodded once or twice to those whom he recognized. Tickets being procured, the Sheriffs and their prisoners walked out to the train and entered the smoking-car, where the crowd followed, and speedily filled it. Shortly after they had taken their seats, the passengers produced cigars and lit them. Mr. John Tancey, Superintendent of the road, pushed his way into the car, and after an introduction to Stokes, entered into a conversation with him, which lasted until after the train started. Outside the car a crowd of railway employes and passengers scrambled and pushed each other for a chance to peer in the window, and up to the time the train left, the crowd steadily increased. Stokes carried himself with a jaunty air, but hsi face was pale, and wore a thoughtful expresion.

Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, explored Miles' Cave, in Salisbury, on Friday of last week, with a guide. Hundreds of feet below the surface their torches were suddenly extinguished, and there was no means of relighting them or retracing their way. For six hours they remained there, the Professor singing hymns and repeating the Lord's Prayer in all the languages he knew. Finally relief came. The Professor fainted on emerging.—*Hartfort Times.*

A Cowardly Murder.

Special Dispatch to the Baltimore American.

CUMBERLAND, October 27.—John H. Resley, a son of Horace Resley, Esq., Clerk of the Circuit Court, felt himself aggrieved by an article which appeared in this morning's Times assailing the character of his father, charging that there was fraud practised in paying the jurors and talesmen summoned in the case of the State against Lear, who was convicted of rape last week. At 2 P. M. to-day young Resley went to the Times office armed with a revolver, and meeting Lloyd L. Clary, the editor, in the hall, at the top of the first flight of stairs, he put to him the question: "Did you write that article?" at the same time drawing his pistol. Clary exclaimed: "John, give me a chance." Resley said "No," and immediately fired two shots, the one passing through Clary's neck and the other entering his chest, just below the heart, inflicting a fatal wound.

Mr. Bradley, collecting agent for the Times, was in the editorial room, and the door being open, he heard the words that passed between Resley and Clary. He says that Resley went up stairs and met Clary on the landing, and then the words passed which are given above. Clary had been in the press-room, on the third floor, and was returning to the editorial-room when he tencountered Resley.

Mr. McCardle, foreman of the composing room of the Times office, makes the following statement:

About 2 o'clock Mr. Clary left the press-room and went down stairs. In two minutes or less I heard two shots in rapid succession. I ran to the door leading down stairs, and found Mr. Clary on the second step, the blood gushing from his throat and breast. He was returning up stairs. He exclaimed: "Go for a doctor." He had one hand to his throat, and in the other a pistol. He was falling or leaning against the wall. The words came from his throat in gasps. There was no one on the stairs but Clary. I ran down to the street and saw John H. Resley standing on the opposite side, gessiculating wildly. He said: "I did it and I am ready for any of his friends," and at the same time reached behind him, as if to draw a pistol.

Mr. Clary was carried to the third floor, and physicians summoned. Dr. Charles H. Ohr considered the wound fatal, and was of opinion that death would ensue in a few hours. Resley surrendered himself, and was committed to jail.

As soon as the fact of the shooting became known a great crowd gathered in in the street in front of the Times office, and much excitement prevailed. The rite of baptism was administered to the dying man by Fathers Brennan and Ryan, of the Roman Catholic Church. His father, mother, sister and brothers, who reside at Frostburg, were telegraphed for and arrived before his death, which took place at fifty-two minutes past 8 o'clock this evening.

Mr. Clary was a native of Alleghany County, and was about twenty-eight years of age.

Sepulchral Sympathy.

A Canadian paper notes that a curious circumstance is related of the lad Kingston, who lost an arm recently by a thrashing machine in Adelaide. It appears that subsequently to the amputation, and the limb having been buried, he complained that his hand was cramped, causing him extreme pain, and desired the arm to be disinterred. No attention, however, was paid to the request for some time, but the boy still persisted, asserting that if the arm was not raised he would not recover. The limb was accordingly disinterred, and the hand found to be firmly shut together. During the operation of opening the hand the patient evinced great agony, and afterwards declrred that he felt relieved of the sensation of cramp from which he appeared to suffer so acutely. The circumstance, if true, says the Strathroy Dispatch, is certainly a curious one; not more so, however, than many others in the records of medical experience.

Wages Abroad.

Sixty cents a day is considered good wages for a working man in any of the European countries, except Great Britain, where the wages are somewhat higher. In the Tyrol silk region and in Italy they often do not get more than ten cents. In the country in Germany ten cents is the common pay. Woman there often get but five cents. In Sweden men often work from 4 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening, and do not get more. During the war many poor women in Berlin were hired to knit stockings for the soldiers for five cents. The profit of the poor who keep pretty shops, sell trinkets in the street or act as sutlers, do not average more than three or four per cent. Barbers in Berlin, since the raising of their prices, get five cents for hair cutting and two and a half cents for shaving. Servants at hotels get from three to eight dollars a month. Servant girls in private families often get but ten dollars a year. Sometimes these classes can not get work at any price.

"Women," says a communication to the Chicago Tribune, "always go to extremes. They never have anything but what they wish it was bigger. Give a woman a ten-story house, and she will sigh for an attic. 'If I had only some place to store things, you know!' Do you know why waterfalls went out of fashion? It was because they got so big they could no longer carry them. Don't you remember, at first, they were no bigger than your fist; then they were big as your two fists; then the size of sugar-bowls, and then they grew rapidly to dinner, market and bushel basket size; and their proportions and weight were so cumbersome that they suddenly went out. It was so with hoops. Our daughters commenced with keg-hoops, and wound up with the hogshead, and then they went out. Then came the bustle, which grew so rapidly that it at least took four spiral bed-springs to make it stick out; and,—now, like Toby's candle, it is flickering out. And now come buttons."

They have a judge in Kansas who fined a lawyer for saying "sic transit."—The official thought it was swearing, and remarked indignantly that nobody should "sick" him in that court.

In Liquor—and Peril.

At a recent fire in Hartford, while the firemen were upon the roof, a drunken man appeared among and occasioned much solicitude. Where he came from, and how he could have attained that elevation, were unexplained. As he "waltzed" around, frequently getting near the edge of the building, Officer Walter Smith appeared on the scene to engineer him off, which was no easy matter. The most convenient getting-off place was over a ladder stretched across the roof of the station building. Certainly, the fellow could not get over alone, and it would be hazardous to attempt to cross with him. Finally the officer got a rope and fastened it around the drunken man's body, under his arms, and, holding fast to the slack himself, started him over the ladder. The fellow crawled very cautiously and inspired confidence that he would bridge the chasm successfully; but as he got about half way over he slanted, through some miscalculation, and rolled off. The officer saw him going and braced for a firm hold, and held him dangling in the air sixty feet from the ground. He yelled beautifully as he made the slide, but when he brought up suddenly against the side of the building he realized that he was safe, and became by the force of the blow sobered instantly, and was then pulled up, and this time crossed the ladder with the agility of a Blondin.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in a codicil to to his will, left to his native town of Boston the sum of one thousand pounds, to be lent on interest to young married artificers upon good security and under certain other conditions. If the plan should be carried out as successfully as he expected, he reckoned that this sum would amount in one hundred years to one hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds. It was his wish, and so expressed in his will, that one hundred thousand pounds should then be spent upon public works, "which may be judged of most general utility to the inhabitants; such as fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever make living in the town more convenient to its people, and render it more agreeable to strangers resorting thither for health or a temporary residence." It was also his wish that the remaining thirty-one thousand pounds should again be put upon interest for another hundred years, at the end of which time the whole amount was to be divided between the city and the State. The bequest at the end of the first hundred years may not attain the exact figure he calculated, but it is sure to be a large sum. At the present time it is more than a hundred, and eighty thousand dollars, and it has a about seventeen years to run. Franklin died in 1790.

Wool in New York.

The trade is in a state of almost utter stagnation, the only sales being of small lots taken up for immediate consumption. Manufacturers are not making very full time, and their wants are readily supplied from the small offerings made by the weaker houses, at prices below the nominal range of the market. The stronger houses still adhere to former prices, and are not disposed to yield, although they report that the few large mill owners who are in an easy financial position would purchase freely at a slight reduction on straight lines. We omit sales in the absence of anything calculated to establish a quotable market price.